THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
SERIAL NUMBER 117

JOHN PAUL JONES

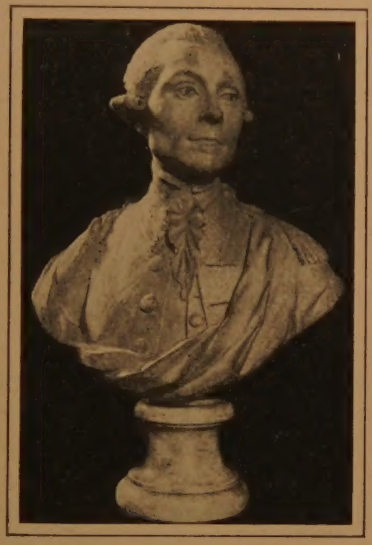
By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

MENTOR GRAVURES

BUST OF JONES
By J. A. Houdon

THE FIRST RECOGNITION OF THE FLAG
By Edward Moran

JOHN PAUL JONES
By Cecilia Beaux



Bust by Houdon

MENTOR GRAVURES

JOHN PAUL JONES
By C. F. Notté

SIR RICHARD PEARSON
By Charles Grignion, Jr.

STATUE OF JONES
By C. H. Niehaus

From the De Biron Collection in the Library of Mr. J. P. Morgan

THE American people love a hero, and sometimes have manufactured one out of rather poor material. There may still be some who think that James Wilkinson and Benjamin F. Butler were great soldiers, because those commanders have "admitted it themselves." Nevertheless the annals of American history abound in men of dash and abandon, men who counted not the cost, men who freely risked their own lives when they led others into danger, and somehow came out of the scrape untouched. American naval heroes are especially beloved. The English sea-dogs—Raleigh, Hawkins and Drake—fought the Spaniard in American waters. Among the first English colonists there must have been many who served on the English fleet that defied the Invincible Armada in 1558. Americans fought on board British ships in eight naval wars between 1650 and 1763. They were proud of William Phipps, conqueror of Port Royal; scandalized by Captain Kidd, glorified by Lawrence and Perry and Farragut and Dewey.

Yet the first national naval hero, the captain who carried the Stars and Stripes most defiantly, the one naval genius of the Revolution, was, like thousands of good Americans, born a Briton. John Paul, son of a Scotch landscape gardener, first saw the light at Arbigland in Scotland in 1747. As a boy of twelve, he was sent to sea, and doubtless went through the same tough experiences as that cabin boy whom Robert Louis Stevenson has described in "Kidnapped." A brother emigrated to

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THE PAUL JONES COTTAGE, KIRKBEAN, SCOTLAND
Here was born the founder of the American Navy

Virginia; the boy in his voyages occasionally stayed with him, and that was his introduction to his future country. He went through a short service on board a British ship of war, then was mate on slave ships, and at twenty-three commanded a West Indiaman. His impetuous character showed itself in two fights with mutineers, one of whom he killed in self-defense. He was obliged to flee, and for a time disappeared; and there are very well supported traditions that he once served for a brief while under the black flag of a pirate.

About the time the American Revolution broke out, John Paul was a desperate man, out of employment and out of friends, when Willie Jones of North Carolina found him and befriended him. Partly as an act of gratitude to his host, and partly because he thought it prudent to bear another name, he assumed the name of John Paul Jones. Till the thorough-going study of Mrs. DeKoven, published only three years ago, John Paul Jones was unlucky in his biographers, especially in A. C. Buell, who in 1900 published a life of Jones in two volumes, which belongs to the top shelf of imaginary writing. Buell is confronted with the difficulty which all students of Paul Jones face—that this country lad, who had spent the best part of sixteen years in the roughening atmosphere of the forecastle, the cabin and the dissolute port, nevertheless showed in later life the polish of a gentleman. Buell therefrom evolved out of his own internal consciousness a Jones "who had no liking for revelry," who possessed "a miraculous memory and a supreme command of language," and enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with the "élite of Colonial society."

JOHN PAUL JONES, BY C. W. PEALE
In Independence Hall, Philadelphia

Puzzled by the assumption of the name of Jones, the true reason for which has only recently been discovered, Buell invented for him an inheritance in Virginia, comprising an estate of 3,000 acres of land, a grist mill, mansion, negro quarters, wharf, sloop, and "thirty negroes of all ages," all left him by one William Jones. It is true there was a William Jones of Virginia, but he left no estate, no mansion house, not so

much as a penny to John Paul Jones. Still less did he transfer his name. Buell goes so far as to invent for Jones a letter dated 1776, which speaks of a balance "of 900 guineas—in the Bank of North America." This showed remarkable foresight on the part of Jones, inasmuch as the Bank of North America was not in existence before 1781. On the contrary, Jones in a genuine letter of 1777 writes that he has gone through "an unprofitable suspense of 20 months (having subsisted on *50 pounds*)." All these efforts to show that the young sea captain was made by the aid of his brother William or the bequest of "old William Jones" are absurd. If ever there was a self made man, it was John Paul Jones.

Captain John Paul Jones

The Revolution unexpectedly opened up just the career for which the despairing John Paul Jones was best fitted. There was always something about him that made friends, among whom was Joseph Hewes, a Quaker shipowner of North Carolina, who became a member of the Continental Congress, and thus had the opportunity to put his friend's name on the list of the first officers of the United States Navy. Irregular naval operations began off the Massachusetts coast immediately after the fight at Lexington and Concord in 1775. Massachusetts fitted out State ships of war, which, aided by privateers, captured British ships and even brought in the cargo of powder which enabled the patriots to drive the British out of Boston. Not till October, 1775, did the Continental Congress take steps to provide a regular national navy.

RISING SUN INN

A favorite haunt of Jones during his stay at Fredericksburg, Maryland

WHERE JONES LIVED

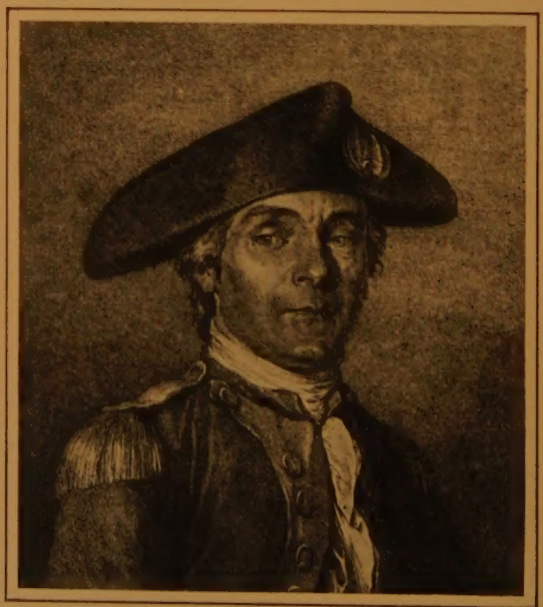
The home of his brother, William Paul, at Fredericksburg, Maryland

The first officer to receive a commission from Congress, as commander of a ship, was John Barry. The first commander of a squadron was Esek Hopkins, to whose flagship, the *Alfred*, John Paul Jones was assigned as first lieutenant. It was Jones who hauled to the masthead the national battle flag,—at that time a coiled rattlesnake on a yellow ground,—when they went to sea. On his advice, Hopkins captured the British port of New Providence, which was the only

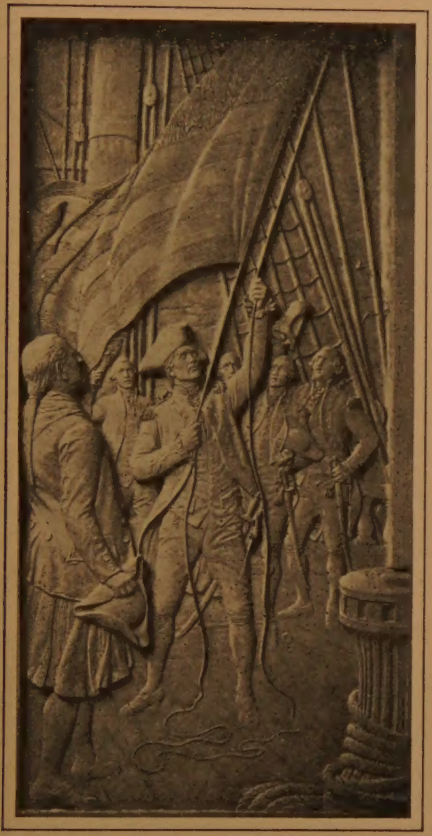
landing made by the Americans in the British West Indies during the Revolutionary War. In the first fleet battle of the war, (April 5, 1776) the little fleet attacked the British man-of-war *Glasgow*, and there Jones had his baptism of blood. His services on the *Alfred* gave him command of the ship *Providence*, and, in due time, Congress voted him a commission as captain, which he always held to be superior to similar commissions of other officers. On his first independent cruise, he captured several merchant vessels, and had a running fight with a British frigate. Within six months, he was put in command of a little fleet. Then he had the intolerable mortification to see his name come out eighteenth on a list of officers drawn up by Congress. Nevertheless, his genius was recognized by Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, for whom he wrote out a plan of naval operations; and he then made what is undoubtedly the first suggestion for national naval academies.

The next summer, June 14, 1777, the records of Congress bear the significant notice that "Captain Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*," which brought to him a great opportunity to show his skill, pluck, and genius. His ship was a good one, and he infused into it his own spirit. His was the honor to be the first American ship saluted by a French ship as the man-of-war of an independent nation. In 1778 he reached his ambition of cruising in British waters, and he gave himself the satisfaction of landing at Whitehaven, a few miles from his birthplace. He did his best to destroy the town and the abundant shipping — moved perhaps by some old private grudges.

The same day he landed at St. Mary's Isle, where he had been brought up as a child; but the only result was that his officers insisted on looting the silver plate of the Earl of Selkirk. Jones felt bound as a gentleman to redeem it, paying $700 of hard cash, and sent it back with his compliments to Lady Selkirk. His next exploit was to challenge the British ship of war *Drake* to come out and fight him. "The *Drake* hoisted English colors," says Jones in his report, "and at the same instant the American stars were displayed on board the *Ranger*. The action was war, close and obstinate. It lasted an hour and four minutes,



JOHN PAUL JONES
Engraved from life in 1780, by T. M. Moreau le Jeune.
Original in the Naval History Society Library



JONES RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE *RANGER*

The claim has frequently been made—though without historical evidence—that Jones was the first to unfurl the Stars and Stripes from a ship of war. From a relief by C. H. Niehaus

when the enemy called for quarter. They lost, in killed and wounded, forty and two men. The captain and lieutenant were buried with the honors due their rank and the respect due their memory."

What a splendid triumph for the Scotch cabin boy and midshipman, for the mate of a slaver, for the unfortunate captain of a mutinous English crew! He challenged, boarded and captured a British man-of-war, while some of his own crew were so startled at his pluck that Jones says, "I ran every chance of being killed or thrown overboard." The reason for his success was that the man at last had found the ship. Something defiant may be found in this descent on the scenes of his childhood, this temporary capture of Scotch soil, this attitude of master over the Selkirks, the great magnates of the region. Still, the capture of the *Drake* was a piece of splendid courage, one of the few instances in the Revolution where a British ship of war hauled down the Union Jack to a rebel vessel.

On the Bon Homme Richard

The reputation of Captain Jones as a man of terrible energy was made. In a letter that he wrote on board the *Ranger* he said: "Tho' I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the Right of Men, yet I am not in Arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of Riches . . . I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of Climate or of Country." Lord Selkirk called him "an odd fellow," "an exotick character," "an enthusiast, absurd and ignorant of the springs and moves of our affairs." Lord Despencer called him a "Rascal and Rebel." It was for Jones to show them how little he deserved these epithets. It was for him to prove his amazing ability as a naval commander.

Notwithstanding the capture of the *Drake*, it was months before he could get another ship. Franklin, who was always his friend, aided him in buying an old French merchant ship, which Jones named the *Bon Homme Richard*, as a compliment to Franklin, through its hint of the latter's well-known publication, "Poor Richard's Almanac." Not till June, 1779, did Jones get off with the *Bon Homme Richard* as his flagship,

along with the *Alliance* under Captain Landais, and several smaller ships. It seemed an act of foolhardy daring to start with his slow sailing merchant ship, transformed into a cruiser, along with a consort commanded by a braggart and a coward, out into the midst of English war ships of every size. For a crew he had to depend on seventy Americans and nearly two hundred Portuguese, Swedes, some Malays, besides a hundred English prisoners. He lacked proper guns. He was held in check by the French authorities. Almost any other man would have given up.

When two British frigates hove in sight, Captain Jones, gentleman-like, called all his officers, and consulted "them whether they were willing to see them." They all said "Yes," but the two cruisers ran away. Then with his little fleet of five vessels he sailed around the British Islands, and all but made a descent on Leith, the port of Edinburgh. Coming along southward, on September 23, 1779, the good old *Bon Homme Richard*, 42 guns, fell in with a British man-of-war, the *Serapis*, a 50-gun ship. Jones did not hesitate a moment to seek the fight.

JONES, THE COMMANDER
From the painting by Chappel

At the first fire, two of the old guns of his ship burst, killing their own crews; in a short time his riflemen were driven out of the tops and off the quarter deck. His main deck battery of 28 guns was out of commission; only three light guns could be fired at all. The heroic pluck of the great commander was all that kept the battle going till, by a fortunate puff of wind, the *Bon Homme Richard* was able to grapple with her enemy, and his men fired with musketry at short range. Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* called across to ask whether Jones had surrendered, and the little Scotchman hurled back the words—which would have been great in Nelson's mouth—"I have not yet begun to fight!" The battle went on, not only on the decks, but in the air, where men leaped from yard to yard. Both ships were afire. An hour passed and still neither side was victorious. At this critical moment Captain Landais in the *Alliance* came within range and fired three times into his own consort. Jones's officers urged him to surrender, but Yankee pluck wore out English pluck. At half past ten at night, after three hours and a half of

From an Old Print

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS

Original in the Naval History Society Library

desperate fighting, the British captain hauled down his flag. His mortification was so terrible that when he handed his sword to Captain Jones, he added the fling, "It is painful to me that I must resign this to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck." Every effort was made to save the *Bon Homme Richard*, but next day she sank.

This battle was not simply the capture of a strong vessel by a weak one of about the same size. It was the new American navy showing its power to fight the British, ship for ship. Jones had not even a crew of lusty American tars to pit against an equal number of British sailors. His was a motley crew of all nations, fused into a desperate and victorious ship's company by the courage and the seamanship of John Paul Jones. If Jones had commanded the *Serapis* and her consort, and Pearson had commanded the American fleet, the victory would have gone to Jones just the same. The English fought well. The one consummate coward in this world-famous battle was Landais, whose tactics had been to wait till Jones was defeated, and then to sail in and capture the *Serapis* with his fresh ship. For later insubordinate conduct he was cashiered, and he goes into the same limbo of traitors as Benedict Arnold.

Commodore John Paul Jones

The capture of the *Serapis* is the zenith of Jones's career. Three British squadrons were in vain sent out to find him. He was accused of being a British subject who had traitorously attacked his own country, though he had not lived in England since 1760. The English government demanded the surrender of Jones, his officers, crew and his five

hundred prisoners, on the ground that he "can only be considered as a rebel and a pirate." The French demanded that the *Serapis* be turned over to them, though Jones had entertained dreams of cruising in that fine ship. Benjamin Franklin wrote in quite another key of "your cool conduct and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict." Their "Highmightinesses the States-General," as the government of Holland was called, refused to give him up. The hospitality which the Dutch thus showed to Jones and his prizes eventually brought down upon them war with Great Britain.

MEDAL AWARDED TO JONES BY THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

The former merchant captain found himself the lion of Paris. An English lady who met him says, "The famous Paul Jones dines and sups often. He is a smart man of 36, speaks but little French, appears to be an extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a hero . . . He is greatly admired here, especially by the ladies, who are all wild for love of him." The dauntless commander, who did not hesitate to shoot one of his own men when he attempted to haul down his flag during the fight with the *Serapis*, was open to these flatteries. The English lady says: "The king has given him a magnificent gold-hilted sword, which, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, he has begged leave to commit to the care of her ladyship." Besides this "ladyship," who was the Countess of Lowendahl, there was a "Delia," and various others. Buell in his life has much to say about this side of Jones's life, based in part upon letters and memoirs which are a pure invention.

In the Collection of Mr. Charles A. Munn
Reproduced by permission
JOHN PAUL JONES
From a mezzotint published in London, date unknown

Jones's cruises in the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard* were enough for one man's glory. His next ship, the *Ariel*, was all but wrecked, and saved only by Jones's consummate seamanship. He returned to America, where Congress passed resolutions of high appreciation, allowing him to accept the Order of Military Merit given him by the king of France.

Unfortunately by this time the American navy had ceased to be a national weapon; for the French sent over fleets and ships that performed the necessary service of staving off the British fleet till the combined French and American armies could capture Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

Jones was, to be sure, made commander of the *America*, the only big ship of the line ever built by the United States. This appointment, to Jones's mind, gave him "the exclusive right of Captain of the Line." Washington alludes to him as "Commodore"—which is not an official title, and meant only that the bearer commanded a squadron. At this critical moment, Congress presented the *America* to the French; and before Jones, with all his energy, could fit out another ship, the war had closed.

Courtesy the Century Co.

HOUSE IN PARIS IN WHICH JOHN PAUL JONES DIED

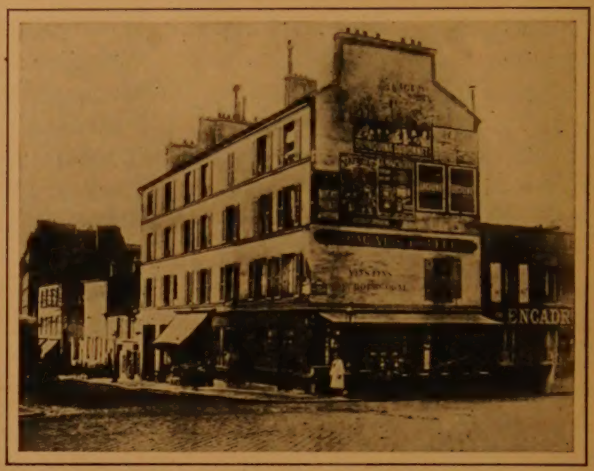
The Commander died in his apartment, the third floor front of the building on the left, No. 42 Rue de Tournon (now No. 19)

A disagreeable consequence of the war was a long controversy over the prize money on his captures. Never again did the great captain stand upon the quarter deck of an American ship. Never did his indomitable spirit drive an American crew to acts of heroism. The highest title bestowed upon him by his own government was that of Captain; yet no title could equal the repute which John Paul Jones enjoyed in every true American heart, as an intrepid spirit who could weld the slenderest materials of ships and men into a man-of-war or a fleet.

Admiral John Paul Jones

It would seem that the country might well have given its greatest sea-commander an estate or an appointment. Another nation offered him the opportunity denied him by his own government. The Empress Catherine of Russia, in 1788 was induced to invite him to enter her service by her agent in Paris, who wrote her that "If her Imperial Majesty should confide to Jones the chief command of her fleet

in the Black Sea, with *carte blanche*, he would answer for it that in less than a year Jones would make Constantinople tremble." The Commodore had no idea of losing his connection with his own land, and he wrote to Jefferson that he could "never renounce the glorious title of a *citizen of the United States*."



WHERE JOHN PAUL JONES WAS BURIED
The building in Paris under which the body was found

When he arrived at the capital, then called St. Petersburg, the Empress forthwith made him a Rear-Admiral, whereupon certain Englishmen who were in the Russian service threatened to resign, but he—and they—stayed on. The war for which he had been engaged was one of the many phases of that rivalry between the Slav and the Turk, which has now been going on for more than two centuries. The American at once joined in the attack on the fortified Turkish port of Otchakov in the Crimea, which was protected by a fleet of one hundred and twenty ships, including sixteen of the great "ships of the line." Admiral Jones had under his command one ship of the line and fourteen smaller vessels. To his great mortification, Jones found that he was in command only of the sailing vessels, while a German officer had a parallel command.

For the first and only time in his life, Jones was in a situation to command a sizable fleet in a sea fight; and it was taken from him, his advice ignored, his services disregarded! Prince Potemkin, who was in general command, wrote to the Empress, calling him "the sleepy Admiral Paul Jones . . . he was brave while he was a pirate, but he has never been at the head of many ships. No one is content to serve under him." An old Cossack, however, who made a reconnoissance with him, said: "Never in all my life have I seen a man such as he was. When he liked, he was like honey, and when necessary, like stone . . . Evidently there are people created to command." At Potemkin's desire, Catherine called him northward; and then practically dismissed him, perhaps through intrigues of English enemies.

In the possession of Mr. Charles A. Munn.
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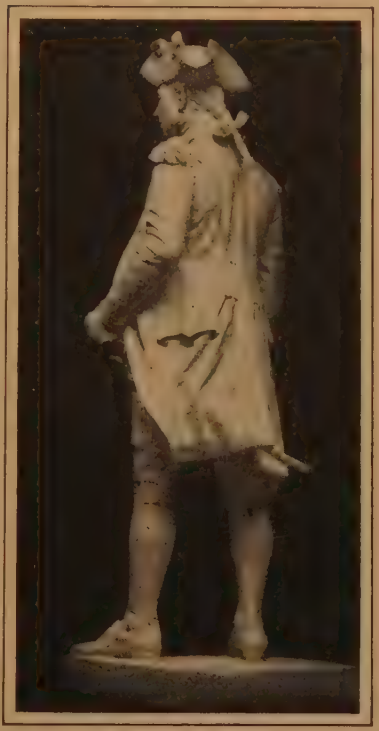
JOHN PAUL JONES
From the Hinckley miniature

This was the end of the naval career of Lieutenant-Captain-Commander-Admiral John Paul Jones, who lived in Paris during the remaining three years of his life.



JOHN PAUL JONES

The statue by C. H. Niehaus, at Washington, D. C. This picture shows the "fighting back" of the hero. Because of its position on the monument, the back of the statue cannot be seen

The Man John Paul Jones

Jones was still a young man, barely forty-five years old, at the time of his death; and his meteoric career was compressed into the fourteen years between 1775 and 1789. For the paling of his glory in latter years he was in part to blame. His killing of the mutineer threw a cloud upon his early life. He was gay, extravagant, over fond of the ladies, and often in money difficulties. Beginning so young, shooting up so rapidly, he made enemies who followed him to the end. A man as eager, as adventurous, as impetuous as John Paul Jones was bound to outrun cooler and more sagacious men like Franklin and John Adams.

Against these faults is to be set the amazing brilliancy of Jones's character and deeds. His successes were not those of a dashing adventurer who took all the chances and was usually lucky in winning. Jones's splendid results came from his careful preparations, his personal interest in his men, his ability to execute naval manœuvers at the precise moment. He was a naval genius also in his constructive plans. Throughout his life, Jones showed a wonderful spirit of organization. He was one of the first men to suggest a plan for the systematic building and use of the American Navy, which would have been much to the advantage of the nation had it been followed.

Jones was, like Lord Nelson, whom he so much resembles, a passionate advocate of improved ways of handling men, ships, and guns. He was the tutor of the American nation in naval warfare and deeds.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES Two vols. *By Mrs. Reginald DeKoven*

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN PAUL JONES *Edited by Robert Charles Sands*
From the original letters and manuscripts in the possession of Miss Jeanette Taylor.

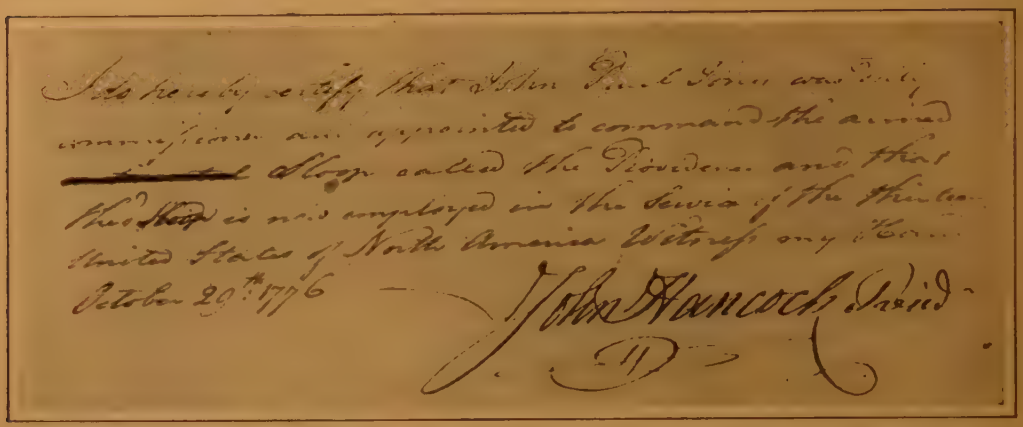
LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE CHEVALIER JOHN PAUL JONES *By John Henry Sherburne*

LIFE OF PAUL JONES *By James Otis*

COMMODORE PAUL JONES
Brief and readable. *By Cyrus Townsend Brady*

PAUL JONES A Biography. *By Hutchins Hapgood*

***Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



Facsimile of Commission issued to John Paul Jones. The original in possession of the Naval History Society.

Editor of The Mentor,

DEAR SIR: The Mentor grows better all the time. What astonishes me most is the quantity and variety of beautiful illustrations. How and where do you get all these pictures?

Very truly yours, etc. Mrs. D. H. B."

This letter is one of many in which the same question occurs: Where do we get our pictures? The answer belongs to all The Mentor readers, for it discloses the wide range and the varied character of the resources available to The Mentor.

* * *

Without my telling you of it, you can have no appreciation of the wealth of material that The Mentor has at its disposal—for your benefit. I have often told you about Mentor Service. I have referred to the programs for reading courses, the answers to questions, the supply of books, and the information that we give freely and gladly to members of the Association. I have not told you of the great riches in picture material that The Mentor has access to. This material is drawn from many sources, and wherever The Mentor applies, permission to use the material is readily obtained. If The Mentor wants illustrations from libraries, societies and private collections or from magazine and book publishers, it obtains them—and usually with assurances of cordial feeling and interest in The Mentor work. In the three years of our existence we have built up for The Mentor a good will among publishers, libraries and various societies that is the best asset we possess. This asset is yours, and you enjoy the advantage of it in almost every number of The Mentor.

When we publish an article on early American history, we obtain the use of paintings, prints, and other picture material in the possession of historical societies. When we published the Joan of Arc number, the American Joan of Arc Society placed at our disposal its whole collection of fine, rare prints illustrating the life of the Maid of Orleans. In preparing the present number of The Mentor, on John Paul Jones, we enjoyed the full coöperation and assistance of the Naval History Society. There we had access to all the Paul Jones portraits and prints, also many original documents: Jones' commission, signed by John Hancock; his letters, and even the log books of his ships, written in Jones' handwriting. And whenever we have gone to publishers for permission to reprint illustrations from books or magazines, we have found a spirit of liberality that has been most gratifying to us. I take this occasion to thank the publishers who have shown their interest in The Mentor in such a substantial manner.

* * *

All of which means that The Mentor is doing a big, broad work in popular education; that this work is being recognized, and that everyone is willing to help in it.

W. D. Moffat

IGINAL IN THE NAVAL HISTORY SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

JOHN PAUL JONES. BY C F. NOTTÉ

ONE

IN a humble little cottage on the estate of Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean, on the southernmost border of Scotland, was born the founder of the American Navy, who is known to history as John Paul Jones. He was a son of a landscape gardener, also named John Paul, employed on the estate of Robert Craik, and he first saw the light on July 6, 1747. How he came to take the name of Jones at a later period in his life makes an interesting story, and will be told later on. John Paul's mother was Jean Macduff, the daughter of a Highlander.

The profession of landscape gardening was no mean one, and the family of John Paul was admitted to terms of intimacy with Mr. Craik. Furthermore, George Paul, an older brother, was landscape gardener for the Earl of Selkirk at St. Mary's Isle. Paul Jones's earliest recollections were of this spot, where in the care of his brother, he evidently spent his first years.

In childhood the boy was always within sight of the sea, and he loved to watch the ships sailing by. Always the water seemed to beckon him to adventure. As he grew older he attended the parish school at Kirkbean; but the spirit of adventure was in the air, and at the age of twelve young John Paul became shipmaster's apprentice to a merchant of Whitehaven named Younger. He first sailed with the *Friendship*, bound for Virginia. The *Friendship* anchored only a few miles from Fredericksburg, where John's brother William had made his home. He passed some time with him; but his usual habit in port when he was not busy was to study navigation, for he realized that a foundation of wide knowledge was necessary for one who would be successful. At the age of seventeen he shipped as second mate in one of his master's vessels, and the next year was first mate.

He was then appointed acting midshipman in the service of the British navy, a position which he retained for several years. On leaving the navy he became third mate in the slave ship *King George*, and afterward was employed as chief mate on another slaver, misnamed *The Two Friends*. During these years he visited not only the West Indies, but also the coasts of Africa and Spain.

After two years, however, he abandoned this trade in disgust, and the year 1768 found him in Jamaica alone and without employment. While waiting for passage back to Scotland, he became an actor in a company that was then playing in Jamaica. This did not appeal to him, however, so he turned again to his first love, the sea.

He took passage on board the *John*, and started on his way back to Scotland. During the trip both the captain and the first mate died of fever, and as John Paul was the only one on board capable of taking command, he brought the vessel safely into port. The owners of the ship immediately appointed him master and supercargo of the *John*.

His first voyage as master of the *John* was successful, but on the second, which took place in the spring of 1770, he was forced to flog the lazy and mutinous carpenter of the ship. The flogging was light, and the man shortly after shipped on board another ship. However, he died on this ship; and relatives of the man spread the rumor that John Paul was responsible for his death. This was not true, and John Paul was shortly after cleared of the charge.

Shortly after this, however, in defending himself from the attack of a mutinous crew, he was forced to kill the leader. The immediate results of this disaster were exceedingly serious. He was compelled to leave both his ship and the cargo in the hands of his partner; and he then entered upon a long period of homeless and nameless wandering, lasting from June, 1773, to the winter of 1775.

He emerged from this period as John Paul Jones, a regularly appointed officer in the American navy.

One day in the early part of the year 1775, Willie Jones, a planter of North Carolina, came into the little town of Halifax from his estate, and found a young man sitting on a bench in front of the tavern who seemed to be in the deepest throes of melancholy.

"What is your name?" he asked him.

"I have none," was the answer.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"I have none," was the reply.

He then talked with him a little further, and invited him to share his home. The dejected stranger was none other than John Paul, who later took the name of Jones with the permission of Willie Jones; and from that time on he used the name of John Paul Jones. Later he dropped his first name and used simply Paul Jones on his visiting cards.

He quickly adopted the manners of the people with whom he associated at this fortunate period of his career. They formed his standards of true gentility. It was during these years that there developed Paul Jones, the courteous and chivalric gentleman, the heroic champion of human liberty.

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THE FIRST RECOGNITION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG BY A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT. By Edward Moran

WHEN the Revolutionary War broke out, John Paul Jones was commissioned as first lieutenant by the Continental Congress, on December 22, 1775. On May 10, 1776, he received a commission as captain of the *Providence* from Esek Hopkins, Commander-in-chief of the Navy. This was his first independent command in the American navy. It was in this year that he participated in the successful attack on the island of New Providence, and as commander, first of the *Providence* and later of the *Alfred*, he cruised between Bermuda and Nova Scotia, inflicting much damage on British shipping and fisheries. A confirmation of his captain's commission was given to him in October, 1776, signed by John Hancock.

Later on Jones suffered a great deal from being deprived of his proper rank in the Navy. This injustice worked upon his mind and made him a man with a grievance.

At last, however, Jones hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the masthead of the *Ranger*, and on November 2, 1777, put to sea, sailing for France with dispatches for the American commissioners announcing the surrender of Burgoyne, and asking that Jones should be supplied with a swift frigate for harrassing the coast of England. The voyage across the Atlantic lasted a month, and much severe weather was encountered. He failed to secure his frigate, however, and then turned his attention to planning a cruise in the *Ranger*. This ship was soon ready for the sea, and in it Jones left Nantes on February 12, 1778, arriving off Quiberon Bay the following morning.

It was here that the American flag was first recognized by a foreign government. On arriving in the harbor Jones immediately sent his boat to demand a salute for the Stars and Stripes from the French commander. How he obtained this first salute to the nation's flag is related in his own words, as follows:

"I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American Flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and amplest manner by the Flag of France. The Brig *Independence* accepted my convoy from Nantes to this place; I was off the Bay the 13th, and sent in my boat to know if the Admiral would return my salute. He answered that he would return to me, as the Senior American Continental Officer in Europe, the same salute which he was authorized by his Court to return to an Admiral of Holland, or of any other Republic, which was Four Guns less than the salute given. I hesitated at this, for I had demanded gun for gun, but after a very particular inquiry, on the 14th, finding that he had really told the truth, I was induced to accept of his offer; the more so as it was in fact an acknowledgment of America's independence. The wind being contrary and blowing hard, it was after sunset before the *Ranger* got near enough to salute La Motte Picquet with 13 guns, which he returned with 9. However, to put the matter beyond a doubt, I did not suffer the *Independence* to salute till next morning, when I sent word to the Admiral that I should sail through his fleet in the Brig, and would salute him in open day. He was exceedingly pleased, and returned the compliment also with 9 guns."

On April 10, 1778, Paul Jones set sail in the *Ranger* for the first of his famous raids upon the British coasts. A few days later he surprised the garrisons of the two forts commanding the harbor of Whitehaven, a port with which he was familiar from boyhood, spiked the guns, and then made an unsuccessful attempt to fire the shipping. Four days afterward he met the British sloop of war *Drake*, a vessel superior to his own. After an hour's engagement the British ship struck its colors and was taken to Brest. The capture of the *Drake* was unprecedented; and almost incredible at a time when England's maritime supremacy was unquestioned. It was the crowning glory of Jones's cruise in the *Ranger*. By this exploit he became a great hero in the eyes of the French, who were just beginning a new war with Great Britain.

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ORIGINAL IN THE NAVAL HISTORY SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY.

SIR RICHARD PEARSON, COMMANDER OF THE SERAPIS. BY CHARLES GRIGNION JR.

FOR some time after his capture of the *Drake*, Captain Jones was unable to secure a command. Finally, however, with the courtesy rank of commodore, he was put at the head of a squadron of five ships. His flagship, the *Duras*, was a refitted East Indiaman. As a compliment to Benjamin Franklin, whose Poor Richard's Almanac was then popular in France, Jones renamed this vessel the *Bon Homme Richard*. On the 14th of August, 1778, Jones sailed from L'Orient with his five ships, and accompanied by two French privateers. Several of the French commanders under Jones became insubordinate; and at last some of his vessels deserted him. With the others, however, he continued the cruise, taking several prizes. He sailed past Ireland and around the northern coast of Scotland.

Jones now had four ships,—his flagship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Pallas*, the *Vengeance*, and the *Alliance*, commanded by Captain Landais, who was continually insubordinate. In the afternoon of September 23rd, when Jones and his squadron were off Flamborough Head, on the east coast of England, Jones saw a fleet of forty-one ships, preceded by two large ships of war, the *Serapis*, commanded by Sir Richard Pearson, and the *Countess of Scarborough*. All the British fleet, with the exception of the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, fled at the sight of Jones's vessels.

Jones ordered his ships to form with the *Bon Homme Richard* in line of battle. The *Pallas* and the *Vengeance* obeyed, but Captain Landais and the *Alliance* sailed on near shore to await the outcome of events in safety.

The *Bon Homme Richard* engaged the *Serapis*. It was an unequal contest. Jones's vessel was a worn out old merchantman, while Pearson's ship was an entirely new war vessel of improved and modern construction, manned with a picked crew, and mounting fifty guns.

The two ships ran side by side for some time. Decks were cleared and only the signal to begin was awaited. At last a deep and breathless silence settled down upon the *Richard*. The *Serapis* spoke first: "What ship is that?"

Jones, hoping for one last moment of delay to drop farther to the stern of the enemy, answered, "I cannot hear what you say."

Again the *Serapis* hailed: "Answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing upon you."

The next instant a blaze of fire burst simultaneously from both the ships. At the first fire a disaster wrecked the lower gun deck of the *Bon Homme Richard*. Two of its old eighteen-pounders exploded and killed nearly everyone at that station, boring a great hole in the hull of the vessel.

The two ships were now abreast, and the *Serapis* soon proved that unless Jones could get near enough to board her, she would sink the *Bon Homme Richard*. At broadside fighting she was more than a match for the American vessel. The battle raged fiercely. Again and again Jones tried to get astern of the *Serapis*, but in vain. After nearly an hour of this Jones was really beaten. One single hope remained—the last chance that he could force his vessel across the bow of the *Serapis* and board her. Fortunately, the wind changed just enough to drive the *Bon Homme Richard* toward the *Serapis*. Jones had his chance and took it. As they came together, with all speed the commander had his men make fast the ships by lashing them together.

It was now eight o'clock, and the full moon lit up the scene. Jones brought up his marines, and by a sustained musket fire kept Pearson from disengaging the *Serapis*. One of his men, hearing that Jones had been killed, ran up to haul down the flag and surrender. The flag had been shot away, and the coward called for quarter. Jones knocked him down; but Captain Pearson at the cry called out to Jones asking if he had surrendered. "I have not yet begun to fight!" was the reply that flashed back.

Shortly after this, the *Alliance*, under Captain Landais, appeared, and Jones thought that with his assistance the battle would finally be won. To his surprise Landais fired a broadside full into the *Bon Homme Richard*. This was a deliberate act of treachery.

But then the tide of battle turned. An American sailor climbed out on the main yard of the *Serapis* and threw a hand grenade, which fell into a mass of cartridges on the main deck. A terrifying explosion immediately resulted. Panic seized upon the British, and finally, at half past ten o'clock, Pearson struck his colors.

The *Countess of Scarborough*, the other British ship, surrendered to the *Pallas*.

Jones transferred his men and supplies to the *Serapis*. The day following the battle the *Bon Homme Richard* sank. Captain Landais of the *Alliance* was court martialed later.

With this battle John Paul Jones leaped into immortality.

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PRESENTED BY THE CLASS OF 1881

IN THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

JOHN PAUL JONES. BY CECILIA BEAUX

THE year following the capture of the *Serapis* was spent by Jones mostly in Paris. He was greatly admired by the French people, and applause followed his appearance as that of a sovereign. This pleased Jones greatly. Fortunately, he was as modest as he was brave, as the following, quoted from a diary of the time, will show:

"18 May. Paul Jones is still here. After having been applauded at various spectacles he went to the opera. As the public had been informed that his presence was expected, an enormous crowd had assembled to watch his entrance. The Sieur Parisot, director of the spectacle, had conceived the plan of suspending a crown from the ceiling, which, at his taking his place, should glide above the head of the American hero and thence descend upon his brow. Fortunately warned of this extravagant intention of the director, he asked that it should not be carried out, but the Sieur Parisot himself, who played the rôle of the Comte d'Estaing in the 'Siege of Granada,' which was the play selected for this evening, came himself in costume to reconduct Paul Jones to his carriage."

Jones was always sure of a warm welcome at court. Queen Marie Antoinette showed him the unusual honor of inviting him to her box at the opera. The great sculptor Houdon executed his bust. Moreau le Jeune also made an excellent engraving of him at this time. Cadets of many of the noble houses of France besieged him with requests to serve under his command. He made friends on all sides. Finally, to crown everything, King Louis XVI presented him with a gold hilted sword, and the royal Order of Military Merit; he also made him a Chevalier of France.

Early in the year 1781 Jones returned to America to secure a new command. Congress offered him command of the *America*, a frigate then building, but the vessel was shortly afterward given to France. In November, 1783, he was sent to Paris as agent for the prizes captured in European waters under his own command. He was very successful in collecting this prize money. Early in 1787 he returned once more to America, and received a gold medal from Congress in recognition of his services.

The following year Jones entered the service of the Empress Catherine of Russia as a rear admiral. At the time, however, he said, "I have not forsaken the country that has many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection, and I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States."

In this new capacity Jones took part in the naval campaign against the Turks in the Liman, an arm of the Black Sea. Jealous intrigues of Russian officers caused him to be recalled to the capital of Russia, which was then called St. Petersburg. The pretended purpose of this was that he was to be transferred to a command in the North Sea. At the capital, however, he was compelled to remain in idleness. Rival officers plotted against him. His private character was attacked treacherously and viciously. In August, 1789, he finally left St. Petersburg, a bitterly disappointed man. The next May he arrived in Paris, where he remained in retirement during the rest of his life, although he made several efforts to re-enter the Russian service.

Exertion and exposure had wasted Jones's strength before he reached the prime of life. Financial embarrassment added greatly to his distress. His health grew steadily worse, and in the beginning of May, 1792, jaundice developed, followed by dropsy. The physician of the Queen of France attended him, but in spite of all efforts, John Paul Jones died on July 18, 1792.

The world-renowed captor of the *Serapis* was left almost without money, though after his death it was found that his property in various parts of the world amounted to $30,000, including stock in the Bank of North America and lands in Ohio and Vermont.

Jones never married, although he is supposed to have had several love affairs. His body was buried in a little Protestant cemetery in what was then a part of the suburbs of Paris. The funeral expenses were paid out of the private purse of Pierrot François Simmoneau, the king's commissary, who, apparently, had never known Jones. Yet the National Assembly of France sent a committee of its members to "assist at the funeral rites of a man who has served so well the cause of liberty."

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E NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY. JOHN PAUL JONES. BY JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON

IN the confusion of the French Revolution and the years following, the burial place of John Paul Jones was forgotten. John Henry Sherburne attempted to discover the place of interment in 1847. Sherburne's researches led him to believe that Jones had been buried in the Protestant cemetery in the rear of the Hôtel Dieu.

This cemetery had been sold, and all the bones were supposed to have been removed from it. Sherburne therefore abandoned his search.

No further effort was made until June, 1899, when General Horace Porter, American Ambassador to France, began a systematic search for the body. It was finally revealed from the official records of Paris that Jones was buried in an abandoned cemetery of the Protestants called St. Louis. Houses had long stood over the site of the cemetery. Finally, however, after long drawn out negotiations, orders were given that excavations might be made. On February 5, 1905, the work was begun.

All the wooden coffins had disintegrated. Five leaden coffins alone remained intact. It was known that Jones was interred in a leaden coffin. Three of the leaden coffins bore name plates. The fourth had no name plate, but the body greatly exceeded the known stature of Jones. The body in the fifth coffin was in a remarkable state of preservation, and the face bore a striking resemblance to the bust of Jones by Houdon. The measurements were found to agree to the smallest fraction. The cap that confined the hair bore the monogram "P. J."; and one of the ears had the same peculiarity in formation as represented on the Houdon bust.

Ambassador Porter delivered the body to Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, who in turn delivered it to Rear Admiral Sigsbee at the American Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris, with appropriate ceremonies.

A squadron of United States vessels, under the command of Rear Admiral Sigsbee, which had been sent across the ocean for the purpose of bearing the body to America, arrived at Annapolis, on July 21, 1905. The next day the body was placed in a brick vault. Religious and military ceremonies were held. On April 2, 1906, in the presence of the President of the United States, the French Ambassador and other representatives, the commemorative ceremonies took place, before an audience of more than 12,000 people.

Congress appropriated a sum for the building of a crypt in the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and on January 26, 1913, the body of Paul Jones was consigned to this resting place. A national monument to the commander, executed by C. H. Niehaus, was erected in Potomac Park in Washington, D. C., and unveiled on April 17, 1912. This is the statue that is reproduced in this number of The Mentor.

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AT WASHINGTON, D. C

JOHN PAUL JONES. By C. H. Niehaus

IT is interesting to study the character of a man like John Paul Jones, to learn what sort of a person he was, and to examine the real man underneath. Jones was unprepossessing in appearance. He was about five feet seven inches in height, and slightly round shouldered. He was noted for his pleasant manners, and was thoroughly at home in the most brilliant courts of Europe.

He was not vainglorious and boastful, as has so often been charged. He loved glory openly, and when he felt that he had been wronged he was most emphatic in complaint. He was accustomed to express his feelings freely and with vigor. He had an unfortunate way of brooding over his misfortunes. When he was superseded in rank his mind reacted, to the detriment of his disposition. This did not arise from vanity, but from the natural resentment of a man burning under injustice.

Jones was not unprincipled. He longed for glory, but chivalry and loyalty were always dominant. He was kind hearted, and at times merciful when he might justly have been severe. He was quick to resent an insult—and just as quick to forgive. He was happy in a fight and an ideal commander. In idleness, however, he was taciturn, and, when he was without occupation, his health failed and his mind deteriorated.

Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, in her book, "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," which is now accepted as the authority, says:

"The faults of his character were the inevitable defects of its great qualities, and shrink, after a review of his life and deeds, to an exceedingly small compass. Intellectual power is not always displayed in the written word, or genius measured by creative output. Keen insight, rapid intuition, logical construction, were all possessed by Paul Jones, together with an intrepidity and a flexible brilliancy of imagination, expressing itself in a truly unparalleled resourcefulness in emergency, which places him among the great military leaders of history. In chivalry knightly, in loyalty unstained, in the study of his chosen profession serious and profound, he redeemed through years of fiercest trial and cruelest disappointment every youthful misdemeanor, and may well stand as an example to the new nation he helped to found, of the loftiest professional standards of character and effort. That he himself understood and commented upon his over-fondness for honors disarms the criticism he may possibly have deserved."

John Paul Jones left one saying which shall ring true and clear as long as men admire grim courage in the face of heavy odds: "I have not yet begun to fight." Some others of his characteristic sayings are worth knowing:

"I will not have anything to do with ships which do not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way."

"I may not win success, but I will endeavor to deserve it."

"I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag."

As Mrs. DeKoven says, the following words of Jones about himself might well have been inscribed upon his monument:

"In 1775, Paul Jones armed and embarked in the first American ship of war. In the Revolution he had twenty-three battles and solemn rencontres by sea, made seven descents in Britain and her colonies, took of her navy two ships of equal and two of superior force, many store ships and others, constrained her to fortify her ports, suffer the Irish volunteers, desist from the cruel burning in America and exchange as prisoners of war the American citizens taken on the ocean and cast into the prisons of England as traitors, pirates, and felons."

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